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FEBRUARY, 1991

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Publisher
DON WHITWORTH

Executive Vice President
ALBERT VASELINO

Editor
DIAN HANSON

Art Director
ART NOVO

Contributing Photographers
ROY STUART
JACK HARRISON

Art Associates
OAUI LHUDE
F. YOMAMA
J. CHANG

Advertising Director
ALAN STONE
462 Broadway,
4th Floor
New York, New York 10013
(212) 966-8400

Circulation Manager
JOEY DEE

classic-erotica.com

LEG FORUM

FOOTBOY LOVE

Dear Dian Hanson:

I almost can't believe what happened to me last weekend and must share this wild experience with your readers.

My name is Mark and I'm a 33 year-old finance exec. Last weekend, my boss—a woman—asked me to entertain Carrie, her 22 year-old niece, when she came to Chicago. She explained Carrie knew no one and since I'm young-looking and was closest to her age, I would be the right person to show her around. Well, I didn't expect Carrie to be quite the stone fox she turned out ot be. She's 5'7", weighs 125 lbs., has a 36-24-35 figure, long auburn hair and size 7 feet. I mean, she was hot!

Since Carrie is so young she wanted to hit the club scene, and who was I to disagree? This gorgeous girl was, without question, dressed to tease: a black, micro-mini tube dress, black full-fashioned stockings and (no kidding!) 5" black leather stiletto pumps with gold-laminated heels! Every guy was in awe and I, too, had to restrain myself. Carrie, you see, was also a "dangler." Yes, she could "dangle" a heel from the tips of her nylon-clad toes with the best of them! She was awesome!

We spent most of the evening at a popular club, seated in a somewhat discreet lounge area, and after a while, Carrie began to dangle a majestic spiked heel from the silken toes of her left foot and I

desperately wanted to fall to my knees and pay homage to them. We talked about insignificant things for some time, then all of a sudden she said to me, "look at the old goat over there!" referring to a guy in his mid 40s who was staring at her. "What about him?" I asked. "Well, he keeps looking at my foot, the old fool. I know I'm gorgeous, but his gawking is making me mad!"

Carrie then asked me if I wouldn't mind pretending to go to the men's room as she wanted to tease the "old food and teach him a lesson." I was surprised and very turned-on by her cocky prick-teasing attitude and took a position about 25 feet away to observe what happened. As she dangled her spiked pump from her reinforced toes, the old guy inched his way closer to get a better look. She finally allowed the pump to fall to the floor, revealing her perfect toes. Then she looked up to the guy and motioned him over with her index finger. "Pick up that shoe!" she ordered. The guy bent to one knee to retrieve the wayward shoe and she stuck her left stockinged foot in his face. The poor guy was embarrassed as Carrie just took her shoe from his hands and told him to "FUCK OFF NOW!" He left.

I returned and finally confessed that I had been turned-on by her beautiful feet all night. She smiled and gave me a wet kiss on my right cheek. I felt the lipstick on my cheek and went to wipe it off, but Carrie stopped my hand.

"No. . . leave it alone. . . it shows you're mine." And she gave me another kiss on my chin. Now I had two lip prints on my face as we left the club. We went back to my home and she proceeded to make me smell her toes and wiped the lipstick off my face with her nylon-clad feet. Carrie then ordered me to suck the lipstick from her stockings, which I did for about an hour, finally falling asleep at her feet.

I think it's true love.

Mark (Carrie's footboy)
Chicago

FOOT BITCH

Dear Leg Show:

I just picked up a copy of your magazine and think it's wonderful!

After reading it, I have to tell you about my own personal experience with a 40-year-old male friend of mine.

I am a 19-year-old college student and go to his house to study. But we do a lot more as well.

I have complete control over this man with my legs. Before I go see him, I put on one of my stretch mini skirts, 5" black sandal pumps, and crotchless pantyhose.

When I enter, I make him strip naked and get on his knees in the middle of the kitchen floor, then order him to suck on a 10" dildo as if it were a cock. If he does this to my satisfaction, I permit him to lick my high heels and proceed up my nylon stocking covered leg to my pussy. If I'm hot enough, and I usually am, I let him tongue my pussy to a wonderful orgasm.

After I come, I step back and look at him, naked, on his knees with my pussy cum dripping from his mouth. He begs me to let him cum because at this point his 10" cock is rock hard, sticking up between his legs. If I'm satisfied enough with his performance, I let him cum, but only in a manner I select. And it's usually like this.

While on his knees, I order him to stuff the dildo all the way up his ass and to only look at my nylon clad legs, not my face, while jerking his cock.

At the point of orgasm, just before he's ready to squirt, I order him to fuck himself with the dildo as fast as he can, and to stick out his tongue as far as he can while he spurts big globs of sperm on the floor. When he's done shooting the last order is for him to lick up all his cum from the floor, which he eagerly does.

I hope you publish my picture. It's a sample of what I look like when I go to my friend's house. Just the thought of some of your male readers jerking off to my picture makes me wet.

Lisa
Illinois

TOE SUCK HEAVEN

Dear Dian:

I hope this illustrates to frustrated foot fetishists that we all have a sole mate out there somewhere—maybe even more than one.

I want to tell you about some of the toe/foot/leg fetish experiences my fiancee (whom I'll just call L) and I have been sharing over the last several months. I have always been an admirer of pretty females with long, sexy legs. More importantly, I have had a fetish for women with sexy toes and feet. Sexy legs and feet encased in stockings and wearing high heels have always been the ultimate stimulant for my sexual drive. I had a few real life experiences involving my foot fetish with one girl

before I met L. However, L is THE girl of my dreams and that is one of the reasons why we're getting married. The other reason is I am truly in love with her and she with me. She not only caters to my foot fetish fantasies, she also enjoys them herself. L is about 5'6" tall and weighs around 120 lbs. She has red hair, beautiful brown eyes, luscious lips, a long, lean body, long sexy legs, and the most beautiful sexy feet and toes I have *ever* seen (her feet are size 9½). She loves to wear stockings, high heels, and very short, tight skirts and she seldom wears panties or a bra. She also loves to tease me with her toes, feet and legs wherever we go.

We dine out quite a bit. As soon as we get in the car, she takes off her shoes and places both feet in my lap. I love caressing and massaging them as I drive. She teases me by putting her toes up to my lips and letting me suck on them and by playing with my cock, rubbing a foot over my crotch. Once we're seated in the restaurant, she dangles a shoe from one of her feet for a while before letting it fall to the floor. Then she extends her leg under the table and places her foot on my crotch, teasing my cock so much that I usually end up losing my appetite well before the time my food is served.

By the time we are ready to leave the restaurant (me with my doggie bag for the food I ordered but couldn't eat), we're both very eager to get back home for the best lovemaking and foot sex anyone could possibly have. L and I particularly enjoy our sessions after we've had a bottle of wine or a few drinks. This situation brings out my submissive side and L's dominant side—a match made in heaven. On the way back home, L tells me how I am going to give her the perfect pedicure (she calls my pedicures "Toes by Paul") while playing with my cock with her feet. I still have some things to learn about the finer points of filing toenails to L's satisfaction, but she said she will teach me.

Last Saturday night we went to dinner and had one of the best lovemaking/fetish sessions when we got back home. Although L didn't wear any stockings at dinner, she put on a pair of sheer, dark shaded, seamed nylons when we got home. Then she took off my clothes very slowly and pushed me down on the bed, and stuck both her feet in my face as she sucked on my cock. While sucking on her toes and licking her feet, I noticed an old, well-worn pair of shoes and started sucking on the spiked heel, pushing it as far down my throat as I could. I did this while looking directly into L's beautiful eyes, only inches away from her face. The look in her eyes told me she was getting very excited by what I was doing, so I bent the shoe in half at the arch and tore out the liner with my teeth and started chewing on it, sucking out its tasty juices and swallowing them. This got L even more excited, so I started fucking her pussy with the heel of the shoe. Every so often I would suck her

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pussy juices from the heel. After I did that a few times, she wanted to taste her own pussy juices, so I gave her the shoe and she sucked on the heel. This got me so excited that I started tearing out the inner lining of the shoe with my teeth and chewed on it. The more of this I ate, the more my cheeks puffed out. Finally, I had to empty my mouth because it was getting hard to breathe. Then L started begging me to give her a piece to chew on. I picked it up in my teeth and placed it in her mouth. She sucked and chewed on it madly. By now the high heeled shoe was completely destroyed. L then ordered me to eat off her stockings and I gently took her left foot in my hand and sucked the toe part of her stocking far enough into my mouth to hold it between my teeth. Again she ordered, "Eat my stocking." So I pulled more of it into my mouth and ripped off as much as I could and chewed on it like it was a stick of gum. It was delicious. Seeing L's toes and part of her foot exposed while the rest of her foot and leg was still encased in a stocking with multiple runs in it was very erotic for both of us. I did the same with her right foot and stocking, but this time she got a piece of "chewing gum" to taste. L's next order was to remove what was left of her stockings from each leg. Of course, I obeyed. Then she ordered me to get on top and fuck her. She spread both legs wide as my cock slid into her pussy while I kneeled above her. Then she pointed her feet only an inch away from my face. The sight of her wrinkled soles and pointed toes made my cock grow even more inside her pussy. I begged her to let me suck her toes. Then she stuffed her left foot into my mouth and ordered me to bite them—hard! And bite them hard I did, as well as sucking gently on each one. This looked so good to L she raised her right foot to her mouth and she started to madly suck her own toes.

The sight of her enjoying her foot drove me to instant orgasm. My cock seemed to get so big I was afraid I was going too deep into her. But the deeper I went the more she enjoyed it and the harder she sucked on her toes. This was enough to make me cum. She had her big toe in her mouth, sucking on it like it was my cock, driving me crazy. Then she went to the next toe, the longest one, and sucked it too. Soon all her toes were wet. At this point, she said, "Have some toes with me." And I did—sucking the toes she wasn't licking. We even French kissed between them. Needless to say, we both came together within a matter of minutes. Fifteen minutes later, we were doing the same thing, but with a little twist here and there.

L and I make love at *least* five (5) times a day! Worshipping her toes, feet and legs is a dream come true for me. Obviously we both enjoy each other immensely and we are looking forward to a long, healthy, enjoyable life together.

I will continue to write to you on a regular basis as our new experiences together unfold.

Paul
Pittsburgh, PA

LINGERIE LUST

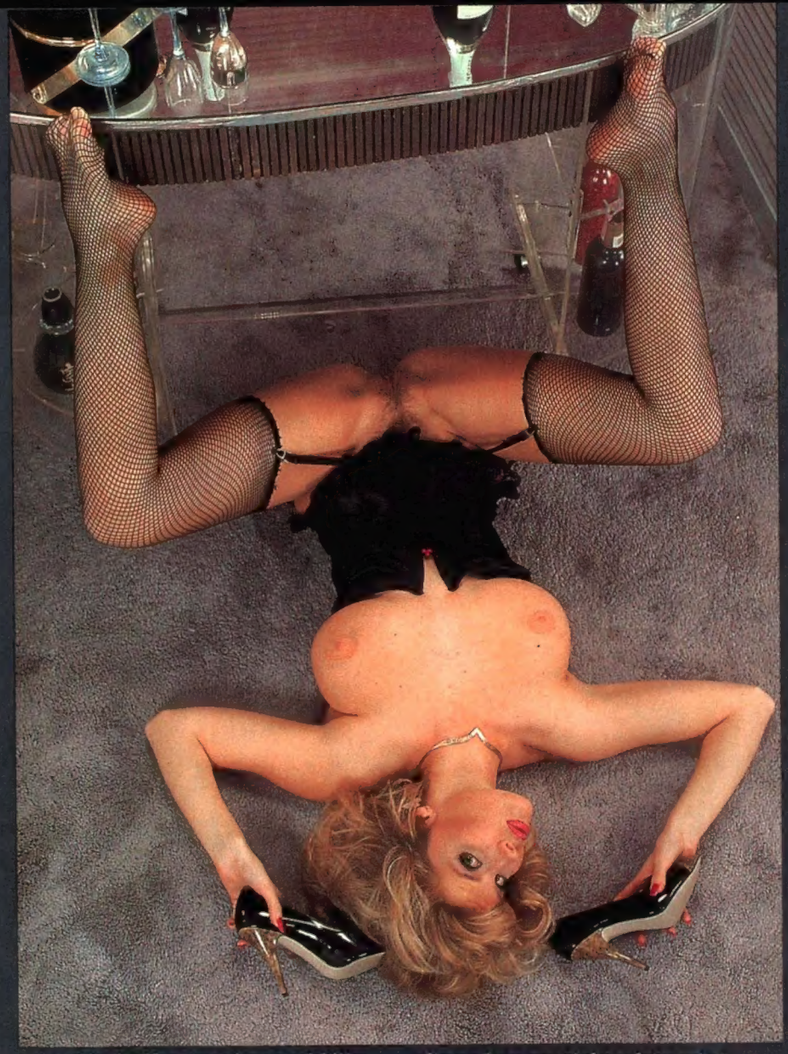
Dear Dian:

I don't know how many women write in to tell you about their fantasies or experiences but I have to tell someone about this.

I am a Hispanic female aged 35, and I have been a secretary for two corporate businessmen for many years. However, about a year or so ago, I decided to take an extra part time job and hired in at one of the city's larger department stores. Working evenings, they placed me in the lingerie and hosiery department. Surprisingly, my supervisor is a very horny 20 year-old man who thinks he is every woman's dream come true. He gives the other, younger women a run for their money but seemed intimidated by my age. This was fine by me as I didn't need him continually coming on to me. Many a time after work I would accidentally find him in the storeroom with one of the girls. I would peek around the shelves and see him slipping his cock into some willing young thing's snatch. Sometimes I would stay and watch the big titted blonde cashier get tit fucked by this stud, watching him shoot his cum all over her tits and face. This guy had a whole harem at his disposal but I didn't want to be a part of it.

I get off on my job when men come into the store to buy lingerie for their wives and girlfriends, or guys turn up to browse, because looking at lingerie turns them on. I like to wear a lot of the articles we sell, especially the hosiery, and that's my turn-on. I pick the sexiest stockings and wear them with sensational-looking shoes provided with the help of an adoring friend who works in the shoe department. He loves to slip the shoes on and off my feet, discreetly stroking my soles. Being 5'7", 120 pounds, and having a firm 38-23-36 figure with great legs, men obviously find me very attractive.

Usually, when a man comes into the department I sell him the kind of stockings I am wearing, frequently showing them how great my legs look in sheer black stockings. A lot of them get aroused and embarrassed because they can't hide their erections. The most popular stockings appear to be black, seamed stockings with reinforced heels and toes. Once I show them my legs in a pair of these while wearing a pair of 5" spiked heels I know I have an immediate sale. After a while of doing this, I noticed my young supervisor giving me long looks and then one evening he asked me into his office after closing. I really didn't know what to expect. I went in and sat down and he started to tell me the good news that sales in lingerie were up and that the management was going to give me a raise. I sat there smiling with my legs crossed, knowing I was giving him a full view of my black stocking tops, thighs and taut garter belt snaps. During most of the conversation he had his eyes locked on my legs. He then said he was curious as how the sales had risen so steeply since my arrival, so I stood up and walked over to him, explaining that I wear what we sell, raising my mini skirt to give him a full view of my thighs. He sat there with his mouth wide and a huge bulge in his pants as I explained how my spiked heels accentuated my ankles and heels. Looking down at his bulge, I noticed a wet spot and realized he was just about to cum. I asked him



what kind of hosiery he would like me to wear. Unable to take his eyes off my legs, he said what I was wearing was fine by him. I could imagine him running off to the men's room as soon as we finished talking, frantically jerking off at the thought of my legs and heels. I really was being a terrible tease and loved every minute of it, having fantasies of men looking at me and masturbating like I was one of the girls in your great magazine.

Anyway, nothing else happened until a few weeks later. By now I had decided to really tease and one evening went over to see my perverted friend in the shoe department, deciding to try on every pair of spiked heels in stock. After about 45 minutes I settled on a pair of 5" red stiletto slides with dagger toes. I slipped into a sheer black lace bustier with black garters attached. Over this I slipped on my tight white mini dress and paraded vainly in front of the mirror. I looked really stunning, the white dress contrasting sharply with the black fabric of my hose and my red heels. Anyway, at the end of the evening my supervisor called me into his office. The store was closed and we were the only ones there. Obviously, he'd finally found the courage to approach me and asked me to take off the dress. I said I would, but only if he'd beat off his nine inches in front of me. Well, I stripped to my garters, heels and hose, and he started to jerk his cock as I posed and teased until he suddenly shot his load into the air. By now I was really hot and wet and laid him on the floor, straddling his face so he could tongue my clit. In no time I was cumming like crazy. I slipped off one of my stockings and placed it around his semi-hard cock, pulling the fabric tight against his skin. I gave him a good, firm hand job that he wouldn't forget in a hurry. The feeling of my stocking against his cock was driving him mad. This time he shot a heavier load into the stocking and went really nuts as I massaged the head of his cock. Then I stood up and got dressed. He was still laid out on the floor, trying to recover, and I left him my stockings as a reminder.

Since that night, all the young girls are now wearing sheer black stockings and spiked heels, and I've just had another raise. I never thought my part-time job could be such fun!

Please, anyone with similar heel and hose experiences write to me through *Leg Show* so we can all enjoy them.

P.B.
California

FEMALES PLAYING FOOTSIE

Dear Dian:

There were a beautiful pair of open-toed pumps that I just had to get from a shopping center in Houston, Texas, known as The Park, but I was $80.00 short. No other stores have these pumps and I was so desperate I would do anything to get them. As I rushed home I tried to think who could lend me the money. The first two friends I called turned me down but when I called Gwen she immediately said yes. So I rushed over to her house and she gave me the $80.00, but said I'd have to work off the money for her as she had a job she needed doing and couldn't do it alone. I was so excited at the thought of getting those pumps I didn't think about it or question what she wanted.

Well, on Friday I found out.

I was hoping the job wasn't going to be tiring as I'd just got off work and felt beat. But I needn't have worried. When I arrived at her house I found Doris, her roommate, lying nude on her stomach in the middle of the lounge watching TV. Gwen then appeared wearing only a shower robe, which she removed as she lay down beside Doris. With it being so hot, the best way for them to keep cool,

(continued on page 77)

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ANOTHER CRACKPOT THEORY

So how about it, fans? Are you tired of my amateur psychology yet? So hows about some amateur anthropology?

It should come as no surprise that I view us humans as animals. Yeah, I know that hits a lot of you in your God gland, but whether or not there's a Higher Authority responsible for our existence, we were made out of meat of pretty much the same cut as the cats and rats. As they say in the Grand Old South, we all shit out of a meat asshole, right? So for all our social evolution and technical achievement, we're still goverened on the basest, meatiest level by the laws of the flesh.

The most basic of these laws is that we must propogate the species. The urge to drink, eat and sleep, find shelter and defend it against danger are all strong *personal* imperatives, but the most powerful urge of humankind as a whole is to make more humans. That's why you want to fuck. And that's why you want to fuck so bad that sometimes even with the best intentions of fidelity, spurred by love, and marriage vows and fear of your personal God, you trick yourself into "falling in love" with some new woman, so your body can convince your mind to spread the jizz around.

See, biologically we haven't changed in 100,000 years, as pointed out by that wise tease Kristen on page 46. Back then, when our brain chemistry was layed down, human beings were a distinctly under represented species on the planet, and having no claws, teeth or venom to speak of, they needed all the help they could get to survive.

So we evolved the ability to get pregnant all year round, and the horniness to keep pumping that hot meat hole as if our lives depended ont it, which specielly speaking, it did.

All this sexual obsession worked magic on the human population. Against all odds, it blossomed and spread, reaching all corners of the earth. We had created enough humans to assure the continuation of the species, and then we created more than enough, which means too many.

While every species has the basic urge to reproduce, each also has built in ways of limiting overpopulation. When there are too many animals, in too close proximity, disease can easily spread. Anti-social activity also develops with like killing like. War, we humans call it. But other forms of control also assert themselves. Rats kept in crowded quarters develop a high level of homosexuality among the males. Obviously, homosexual rats will not impregnate females and population will drop to manageable levels. With no crowding, there is only heterosexuality. No moral judgements in nature, you see.

So here's my theory. Fetishes tend to involve non-procreative sex. That means whacking off to stockinged legs or sucking toes doesn't cause pregnancy. In every complicated, highly developed culture (read that overcrowded) there's increased interest in "sport sex", that sex which does not make more people. This has always been condemned by those who consider themselves moral guardians. Yet we know that our sexual drive makes it well nigh impossible to resist one's sexual direction, whether it be for straight missionary or foot worship. This conflict, our urge versus societal pressure, causes all the guilt you guys carry around. I speculate, however, that you were born with your fetish because it is necessary for the survival of the human race to control our population. As our numbers rise, more and more men will be born with fetishes that will direct their basic, powerful sexual drive away from making babies. It's mother nature's birth control, and to try to "correct" it, to go against mother nature, is to endanger the survival of all.

So guys, I believe your fetish is a gift made to benefit all humankind. Glory in it, express it freely and proudly, and know it wouldn't be there without a damn good purpose. If what you really want in your heart is to just jerk off, do it, and know that nothing could please the Great Scheme of Nature more.

—Dian

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I had so much fun taking these photos of my little lady Jan I thought it would be a shame not to share them with all you leg men. Every man has a pet name for the special lady in his life, like Sweetpea, or Peaches or Honeybun. My pet name for Jan is Fuck Monster.

"When I asked Jan if she wanted to share a couple of her most intimate fantasies with all you studs, she thought for a minute and said, 'Well, my fantasies are plain and simple and I've only got a few of them.'

"1. To be stranded on a desert island with 1,000 pussy hungry men (but to be able to return to civilization once a week to shop for clothes).

"2. To be able to get it on with the 1985 Superbowl champion Chicago Bears football team, on the 50 yard line at the Superbowl.

"3. To have sex at the finish line with the 1991 Indy 500 winner while four hundred thousand fans cheer me on.

"4. And last, but not least, to fuck every guy who ever picked up a LEG SHOW magazine and got a hard-on looking at my photos.

"Other than that, she says she doesn't have very many fantasies, but before we were through with her interview for these photos she did tell me how hot and wet and sticky her panties get when someone points a camera her way. 'The sound of the shutter gives me peanut butter legs,' she said. When asked to elaborate on what she said, 'Well, you know how peanut butter spreads real smooth? When I hear the whirring of the camera my legs spread real smooth. They don't even have to put film in the camera.'

"In closing I asked her if there was anything she'd like to say to the LEG SHOW readers. 'Yes, there are two things; guys, walk studly and carry a hard dick, or was that walk softly? Well, who cares. And the other thing is, I'd like to know how my photos inspired you and I'd like to hear from every one of you. Please write to Jan, P.O. Box 50205, Indianapolis, IN 46250. Well, fellas, I gotta go find a camera. Bye!'

"Hope you like her, readers. I'll tell you, she's the wife of my dreams!"

—Mike

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ELMER BATTERS'

GOOD DIRTY FUN

"I won't lie to you, these girls are a couple of pros. They even did a porno film or two about ten years ago. Pros are good to have around some times, though. They don't wiggle and whine when I tell them to get their lips around those toes. Nope, girls like this, *professional* dirty girls, open up good and wide and say, 'How many toes, Mr. Batters, sir?' And don't you know I say, 'All of them, you foot sniffing little slut. I'm paying you good American money here and I want to see some lipstick staining those digits, pronto!' Okay, so I don't actually say it like that, but in my mind it's going like that.

"Yep, I'm telling you, some toes got sucked that day, my friends. The smell of spit and warm, soft, clean, nineteen-year-old feet perfumed the sultry California air and I was fingering little Elmer through my pocket 'bout as fast as I fingered that camera's shutter. Bet some of you got a hand on your pocket pal too, huh? Well, whack away, my friends, it's the sincerest appreciation you can give my work." —Elmer

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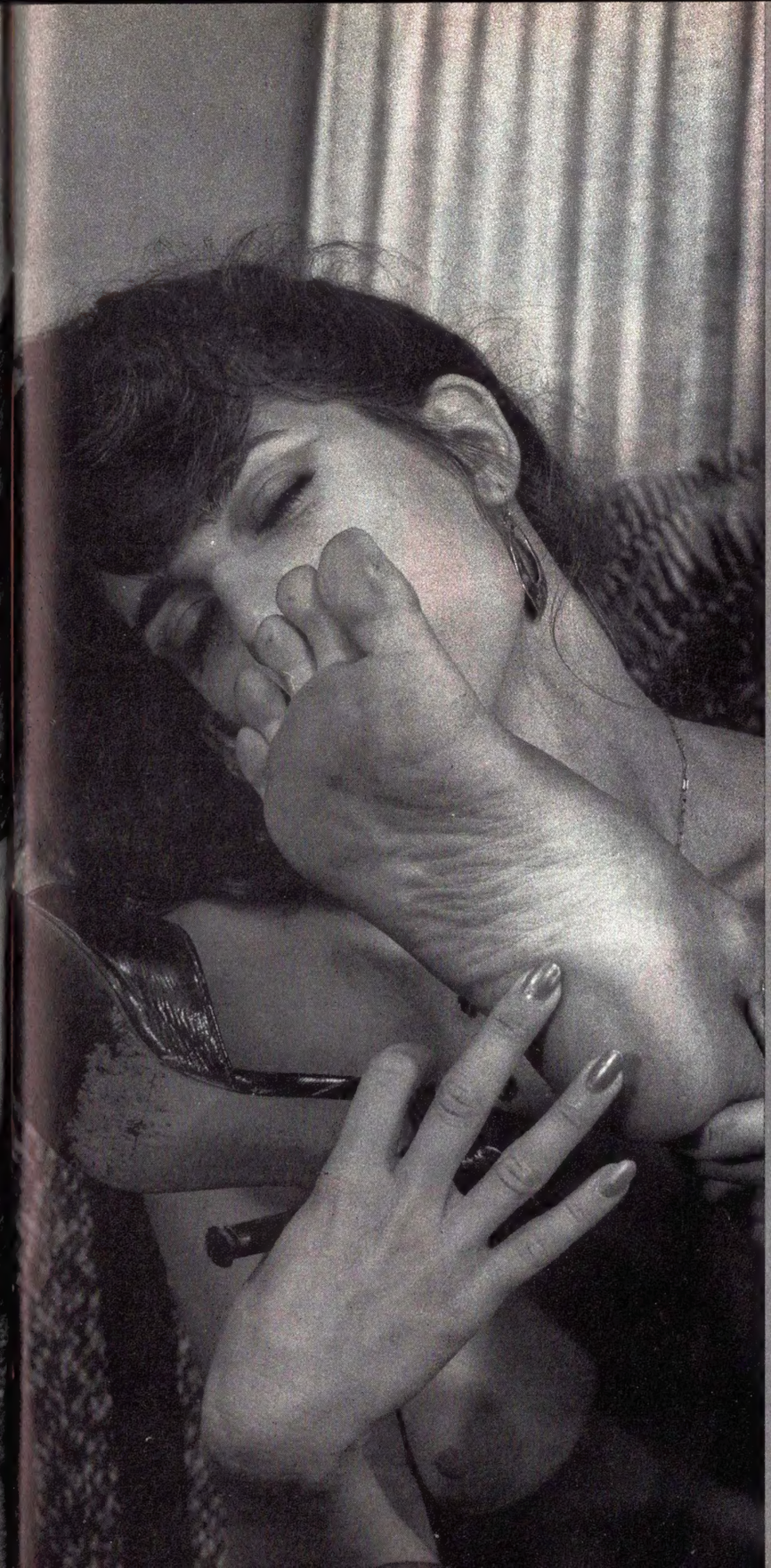

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Home Photos

Dear LEG SHOW:
Here are more photos of my special model. She loves to pose for me and has always showed those luscious legs to her best advantage. She liked the little costumes I bought her, but I was too chicken to buy her a Catholic school uniform or majorette costume. She would gladly have worn them.

1 2 San Francisco

Dear LEG SHOW:
As long time readers we finally decided to send in some photos. My wife loves to tease with her feet and legs and as a result the sex is fantastic. She especially loves to tease men and have them jack off for her. At times, while we are out, she actually feels men and will jack them off right there! Discretely, of course. We would like some response with pictures and letters. We expect and ensure discretion.

Don and Dee
P.O. Box 61587
N. Charleston, S.C.
3 4 5 29419-1587

Dear LEG SHOW:
Here are some photos for your readers to enjoy. Happy jacking off!

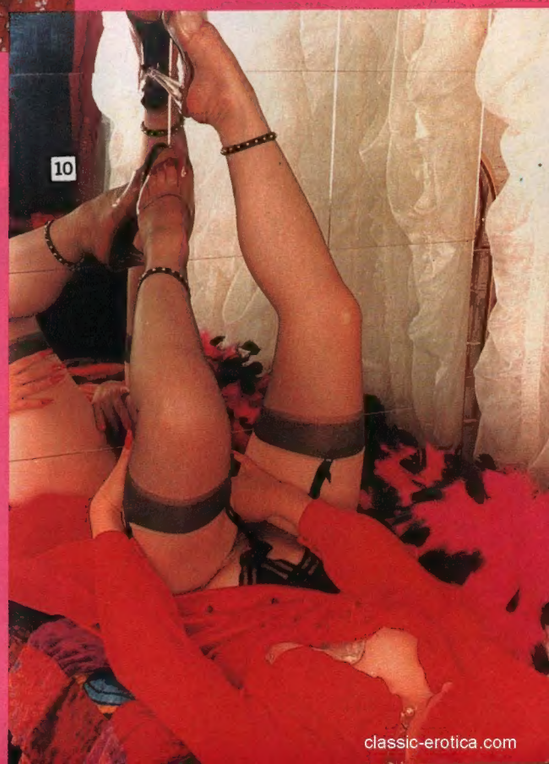
Wild Bill

8
9 10

Dear LEG SHOW:
Here are a few photos of my precious wife. I took these just for Home Photos and all you LEG SHOW lovers.

J.G.

6 7



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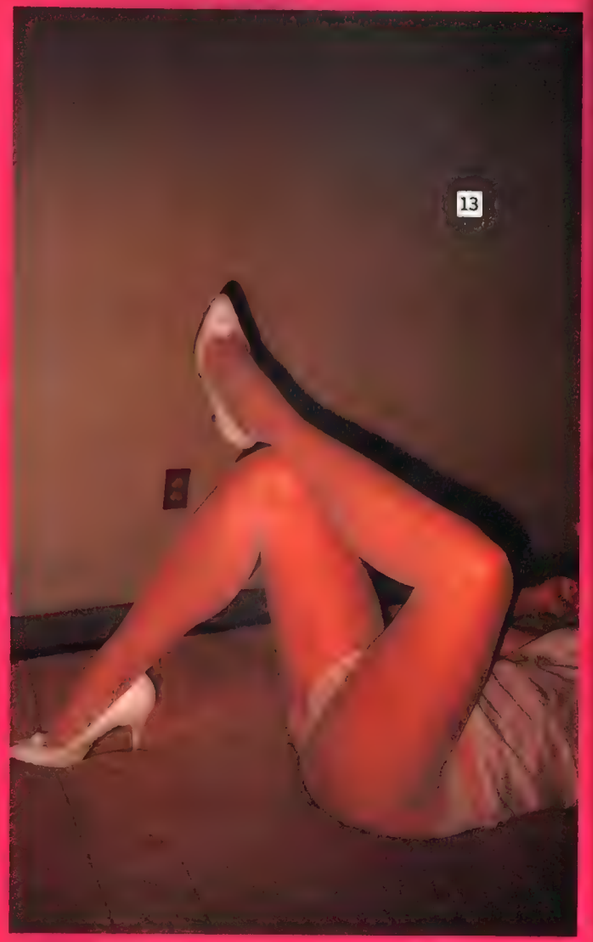
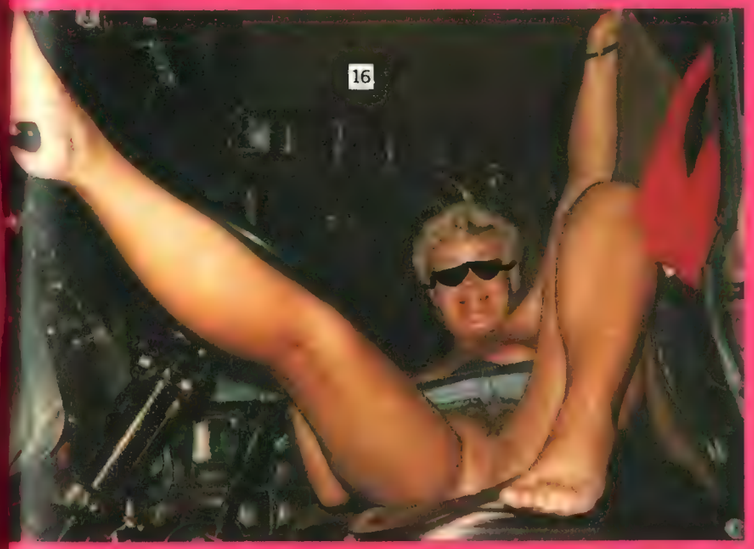
Dear LEG SHOW:
Here are some photos of my girlfriend's long sensuous legs. My top fantasy is to videotape other men making love to these gorgeous legs.

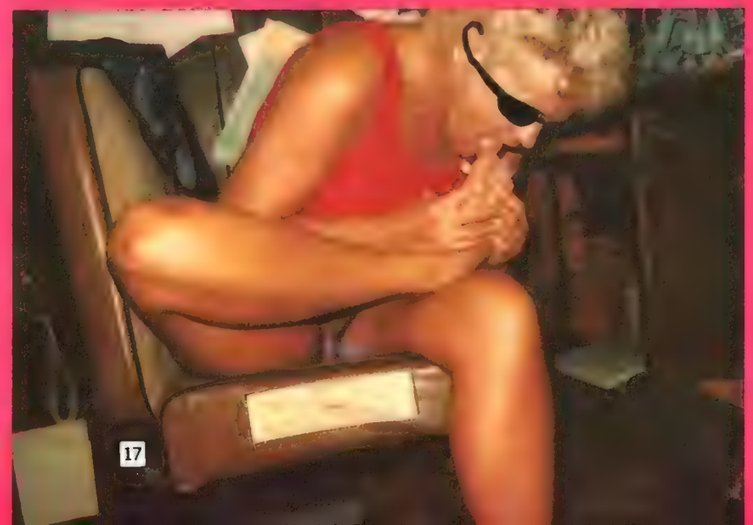
11 12 13 Sacramento



Dear Dian:
Just a few photos of my wife. We have hundreds more. She is a foot person and loves to pose. If you would like to see more, send us your photos with self addressed stamped envelope. We trade for fun only and also have videos.

MP
Box 58761
14 15 Philadelphia, Pa.
19102





Dear LEG SHOW:
My husband and I had an overwhelming response to the ad we sent in. Thought your readers would like some pictures of me and the truck I drive, since we couldn't begin to answer all the letters we received. My husband took the pictures.

Jackie C.
16 17 18 Roann, In.

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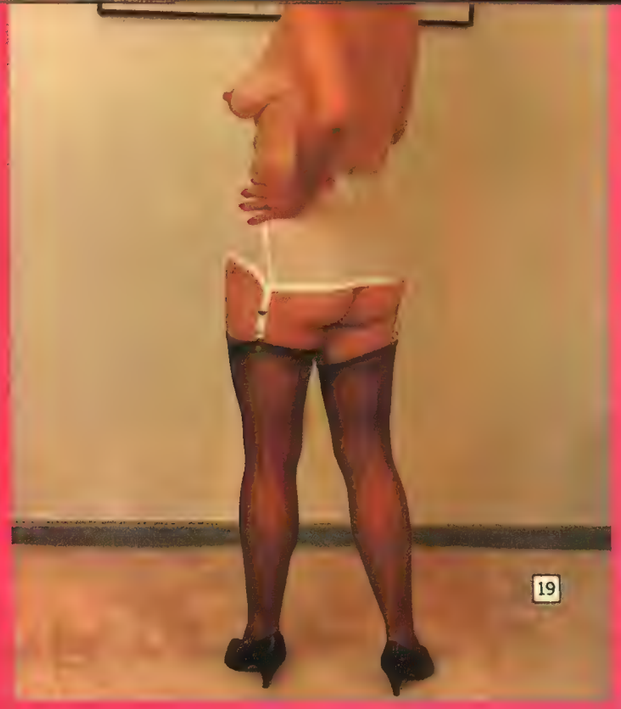

Dear LEG SHOW:
I'm enclosing some photos of my beautiful wife. She loves to pose and I love to photograph her. We hope your readers enjoy these photos. Anyone wishing to write us should enclose a SASE.

Boxholder
P.O. Box 403
Westfirled, In.
46074

19 20
21 22

Dear LEG SHOW:
Here are a few photos of my wife's sexy legs. I love when she wears heels, stockings and short skirts.

TED

23 24 25

Correction

In the October '90 issue the photos of Roxanne W. were accompanied by an incorrect address. It should have read Roxanne W., P.O. Box 4241, San Luis Obispo, Ca. 93405. We're sorry for the inconvenience.

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LADY FAY CUMS OF AGE

BY
DUNCAN
WEATHERLY

Banking With A Boner

Just out of college and with the bank for less than a year, it was awesome when my boss, the Trust Department VP, assigned me as Chief Financial Advisor to the Countess Gartier estate. It meant a raise and increased visibility within the company if I could pull it off. Obviously I had never met the Countess but heard she was a "perfect bitch."

Fuck the politics! This was a great opportunity. My boss handed me several thick file folders containing the account's history and some guidance on how he wanted the account to be managed. An attached note from the Chairman's Office stated I had an appointment to meet with the Countess at her Pennsylvania chateau in just two days. I regretfully cancelled my date with the horny looking brunette in bookkeeping as my evening would best be spent boning-up (so to speak) on the Countess' portfolio.

The multi-million dollar estate had a few pockets of entertaining reading, particularly several special trust funds, presumably set up for the Countess by former lovers. The trusts provided income for her wardrobe and, having been established in the 1940s, had since grown to significant proportions. One such trust provided lifetime funds for the Countess' "...corsets and waspies." A "waspie," I learned from a little research, is a tight fitting corset-like undergarment extending from just beneath milady's tits down over her hips

and is often elasticized with hooks, boning, and garters. Its function, aside from holding up milady's stockings, is to slim the waistline to a "wasp-waist appearance," thus its name.

Another trust established funds for the Countess' hosiery. It appeared far outdated as the provisions specified, ". . . full-fashioned hosiery of the very sheerest silk or nylon construction, extending to above the knee but not higher than mid-thigh, exhibit fine dark seams at the back with thinly tapered heel reinforcement up the rear of the ankle, and positively be only in shades of black."

My curiosity peaked as I turned my "Beemer" up the long driveway and stopped under the portico entrance to the Countess' magnificent stone chateau. My vision of a little old lady in a tightly bodiced dress was soon dashed as I was greeted by the Countess Gartier herself. She was hardly what I expected. Reportedly in her late fifty's, she looked at least fifteen years younger and provocatively sensual.

She did not smile, looking down at the jeweled watch pin on the lapel of her smartly tailored charcoal suit, and then back at me. "You are one hour and twenty-two minutes late, Mr. Butterfly."

"It's 'Butterfield', ma'am," I politely corrected, extending my hand. She ignored it and motioned me impatiently into the house.

The Countess was a tall, pleasingly full-figured woman, slightly hippy but with an extraordinarily narrow waistline, remarkably pointed tits, and a nice set of legs. She was meticulously well-groomed, her gray streaked dark hair severely drawn back into a bun and her dramatic make-up was nonetheless very sensual on her. She wore very sheer dark hose and incredibly high heeled black pumps. I estimated that her stiletto spikes made her close to six feet—a rather imposing woman.

She closed the door behind me and, in her captivating French accent, directed me to follow her to the study. I complied, the dark seams of her stockings and the undulating firm ass beneath her snug skirt instantly capturing my attention as I dutifully followed.

In the study, she motioned me to a wingback chair next to the fireplace and sat opposite me. She crossed her shapely legs in a soft swish of nylon against nylon, poured two cups of hot tea, and looked over at me, catching my wandering eyes on her knees.

"Mr. Butterfly"—"Butterfield," I again politely corrected—"you are not here for the reasons that your superiors at the bank have informed you," she began, carefully placing a cigarette into her long holder. "The business of the bank will have to wait until I attend to far more pressing matters." She lit her cigarette as I fumbled for a match, and blew the smoke in my direction. "I assure you that I will be most cooperative regarding finances, provided of course, that you are equally cooperative in assisting me first with my personal obligations. I will explain."

"We will be joined for dinner by my so-called 'niece,' who is in actuality the illegitimate daughter of a friend who placed her in my charge upon his passing several years ago. His sealed instructions to me, as part of his will, were to rear the young girl to womanhood upon her graduation from seminary and to prepare her for marriage to a gentleman of equal or higher status." She softly stroked the side of her silkened calf. "If I might regain your attention from my legs, I will continue, Mr. Butterfly."

(I didn't bother to correct her.)

"A mere girl of eighteen, Lady Fay arrived on my doorstep seven months ago, very unattractive, overweight, and having never dated a boy. She had led a very protected life at the seminary, having no idea of feminine pulchritude nor of her own sexuality. She had never worn make-up or high heels, and she could not so much as boil water. She had never masturbated and was completely ignorant of the sexual compulsions of men, not to mention her total illiteracy in the feminine fine art of raising a penis to full erection."

I hung on the Countess' every word. She took a sip of tea and a long drag from her cigarette holder, scrutinizing me with her mysterious dark eyes and long lashes.

"Lady Fay is a virgin, Mr. Butterfly, and a virgin she shall remain until her wedding night! Let no misinterpretation of this edict cross your evil male mind! Do you understand?" I nodded obligingly. (I dislike overweight, pimply-faced school girls, anyway.)

"Now that we have that out of the way, Mr. Butterfly, I will tell you exactly why you are here. I assure you that it is *not* at the whim of some bank executive, who has no doubt instructed you to coerce this old lady into placing more of her financial assets into the bank's charge. To the contrary, you are here specifically at *my* direction. Your background has been thoroughly investigated and you have been found to be an exemplary cocksman—one of discretion. I admire that in a young man and I have selected you to assist me in evaluating the progress of my niece in her training to become a sensuous young woman." I noticed with intrigue that the elevated shoe of the Countess' crossed leg began to slip off the heel of her foot as she spoke. She began to dangle the high heeled pump further and further down onto her toes. She had a very sensual high arch to her foot. Her shiny pump began to pick up momentum as it swung precariously from the reinforced toe of her stocking.

Catching my gaze at her feet, the Countess abruptly uncrossed her legs, replaced her foot into her pump, and stood up.

"I think you'll do quite nicely, Mr. Butterfly," she said, looking down at me and then at her lapel watch pin. "I see that it is approaching the dinner hour. We always dress for dinner. Should you be invited here again, I suggest appropriate formal attire among your luggage." The Countess directed me to "freshen-up" in the guest bedroom at the top of the stairs and further admonished me not to be late for cocktails.

I retrieved my briefcase, shaved, and put on a fresh shirt and tie before returning to the study. I found the fire in dire need of restoking and in short order had a roaring blaze on the hearth. I rewarded myself with an icy bourbon and soda from the wet bar. Momentarily, I heard the rustling of silk and the familiar rhythmic clicking of high heels approaching from the hallway. I stood as the Countess entered in a dazzling display of provocative feminine fashion.

Her shimmering black satin dress looked as if it had been custom assembled around her voluptuous body. It clung to her every curve, plunging from the shoulders into a deep V to reveal a generous cleavage between the pushed-up mounds of her tits. Her waistline was dramatically narrow and the smooth satin of her dress stretched so tightly across her thighs that I could make out the outline of her garters beneath the taut fabric. Her exquisite legs were sheathed in gossamer-sheer black full-fashioned nylons with provocative pointed French heel reinforcements, and her feet were perched precariously high in purple satin evening pumps with thin ankle straps. Her ornate jewelry and long purple satin opera gloves put a finishing touch to her elegance.

At the Countess' direction, I made her a very dry gin martini and prudently sat down to further my surveillance of the curvatures beneath her satin and nylon attire. Just then, I heard high heels approaching from behind. I turned to first lay eyes on what I had anticipated to be a pimply faced school girl. I was momentarily stunned!

Lady Fay greeted the Countess with a kiss on both cheeks. I received only an outstretched gloved hand, a hint of a graceful curtsey, and a blushing smile. Lady Fay in no way resembled an eighteen-year-old kid! Her full pink, wet lips and captivating green eyes, framed in mascara and long lashes, gave her an air of sophistication and worldliness. Her strapless white dinner dress barely covered the nipples of her small but adequate tits. The dress flared out from an extraordinarily thin waistline into a full, knee-length skirt, rustling with petticoats underneath.

She wore sky-high heeled white silk open sandals with ankle straps, her dainty polished toenails clearly visible beneath the demi-toe reinforcement of her sheer dark tan nylons. When she turned, I noticed the black contrasting seams running up the backs of her long, shapely legs and the fancy sculptured black shadow heel design of her nylons. My groin surged with excitement.

The Countess explained to me that this evening was a test of Lady Fay's progress in her training thus far. She elaborated that Lady Fay had been instructed to plan the evening as if she were entertaining an eligible nobleman. She looked Lady Fay up and down closely. I could tell that the Countess was pondering the dramatic sculptured black heels and seams of Lady Fay's nylons, directing her to turn around several times for her inspection. I interceded by complimenting Lady Fay on her "very sexy stockings." Lady Fay blushingly smiled as the Countess gave me a glare.

The veal cordon bleu dinner was

"The dark seams of her stockings held my attention."

delicious, although I admit to being more appetized by the enticing display of both women's delicately nylonned legs beneath the glass top table. After dessert, the Countess directed that we retire to the study to further evaluate Lady Fay's intimate attire over after-dinner cordials. I found the proposal exhilarating and eagerly followed the two women back to the study. Lady Fay poured the liqueurs as I settled back in my chair, awaiting the festivities.

"Lady Fay," the Countess said firmly, "you will now permit our evaluation of your intimate apparel by kindly removing your gown." Lady Fay looked hesitantly at me and then at the Countess.

"I'm . . . I'm a bit embarrassed, Auntie Monique," she confessed.

"Nonsense, my dear," the Countess reassured. "Mr. Butterfly is here to assist you. But, if it will make you feel more comfortable, we too will shed our outer attire." Without hesitation, the Countess stood and unzipped her dress, letting it fall off her shoulders and down over her hips in one graceful motion. My eyes drank in the black satin and elastic corset which engulfed her voluptuous body, from her full pushed-up tits, down over her hourglass waistline to end low on her hips in an array of multiple garters, straining at her dark stocking tops.

"There, my dear," the Countess encouraged, turning around to permit our view from all angles. "Now that is not difficult, is it? You can see that I have selected my all-in-one corselet to wear this evening. This is all quite clinical, my dear. Isn't it, Mr. Butterfly?" she said, turning to me. I deceitfully nodded, my half boner tingling with delight.

Lady Fay looked shyly away, unzipped her dress and lifted it off over her head.

"Your petticoats, too, my dear," the Countess persisted. "Good grief, how could a gentleman possibly find your vagina among all those layers of silk and lace?" Lady Fay slithered out of her petticoats and stood clad only in a topless, white satin waspie and very naughty white see-through flared, lacy tap panties. Her dark curly pubic hair was clearly visible through the sheer panties as she demurely tried to cover her naked breasts.

"Don't be embarrassed, my dear. We will now observe Mr. Butterfly," the Countess proclaimed. Not wanting to delay the show any longer than necessary, I quickly shed my modesty, along with my suit jacket, tie, shirt, trousers, and was working on my shoes and socks when the Countess interrupted.

"That will do nicely for now, Mr. Butterfly." Both women stared curiously at the front of my shorts. I protectively took my seat again as the Countess directed Lady Fay to walk back and forth in front of her, telling her to turn around now and then. The Countess resembled a drill instructor with a new recruit. Twice, she made Lady Fay straighten her stocking seams and reposition the black garters on her nylons as I watched intently.

The Countess then produced a tape measure from a nearby drawer and handed it to me. She told me to collect Lady Fay's vital statistics while she entered them into the progress ledger. I was reluctant to stand straight, so I bent forward or knelt to take Lady Fay's measurements. 34-20-36. Obviously, the close work only served to compound the problem in the front of my shorts. It was Lady Fay who first drew attention to it.

"Look, Auntie Monique! Mr. Butterfield has an erection in his penis!"

"Very observant of you, my dear," the Countess said with a slight flutter in her voice. "You have inspired Mr. Butterfly to become sexually aroused." The Countess asked me to stand so that they could both have a better look. "Go ahead, my dear, Mr. Butterfly won't mind if you touch his penis, simply to feel its stiffness, will you?"

I didn't get a chance to reply as Lady Fay's hand sent unbelievable sensations deep into my groin as she softly stroked my swollen shaft through my shorts.

"Oooh, it's getting longer and harder, Auntie Monique!" The Countess moved closer and brushed Lady Fay's hand aside.

"You needn't be so gentle with it. You won't hurt Mr. Butterfly by handling his penis more firmly," the Countess said, taking my cock out through the front opening of my shorts and massaging it firmly with her satin gloved hand. "My goodness, Mr. Butterfly, you are acquiring quite a splendid erection, aren't you? This is a marvelous opportunity to see how well Lady Fay has done her homework." The Countess reached down into the front cleavage of her all-in-one and drew out a neatly packaged condom.

I sat down in the chair as the two women knelt on either side of me, their eyes affixed to my now fully erect cock. Lady Fay opened the pack and meticulously positioned the rolled condom over its swollen head. While gently stroking up and down my rigid shaft with one soft gloved hand, she slowly rolled the condom down into position, beaming with pride as she closely examined the neatly positioned latex sheath.

"Is it on correctly, Mr. Butterfield?" asked Lady Fay excitedly. I commended her, and casually asked how she had become such an accomplished artisan.

"By practicing with Auntie Monique's big dildo which she . . ."

"Which I acquired solely for instructional purposes," the Countess quickly added. I winked at her and she looked away.

"The only remaining item of preparation," I casually remarked to Lady Fay, "is for you to lubricate the condom." She looked at me with a puzzled expression.

"But I don't have any vaseline, Mr. Butterfield!"

"Don't fret," I replied. "Your own saliva will do the job quite nicely."

The Countess interrupted, "Perhaps Mr. Butterfly is only trying to ingratiate himself with a bit of self indulgent titillation, my dear."

"Not at all, ladies!! I replied emphatically. "I'm surprised this technique was overlooked in your training. Allow me to assist Lady Fay." With my head on the back of her soft neck, I gently guided her face toward my awaiting tool, encouraging her to use her tongue to apply her saliva. She was hesitant at first, but in no time was feverishly licking and slurping my swollen shaft. The Countess looked on in amazement. I moved my hand affectionately over

(continued on page 83)

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NEW FEATURE!

GLIMPSE:

I've got good news and bad news. The bad news is that Tom Peeper has croaked. It came as quite a shock to us, seeing how Tom was a young, vigorous man with many years of lurking before him. Not all husbands take kindly to a guy doing the scope and ladder trick on their wives of just one month, however. Nuff said on that; at least he went happy.

The good news is that we have a new feature you might like even better. GLIMPSE was suggested by a reader who wrote passionately about his lifelong quest for a glimpse of panty. He didn't want blatant nudity, or intentional teasing. He longed for the playful gust of wind, the innocent exposure. I'll bet a lot of you do too. Here is your first GLIMPSE.

Tom would love it.

May In Paris

STAURANT

classicerotica.com

Betty

Page Out Of The Past

I often feel as if I were born into the wrong age. This world moves too fast for me, with all its confusing technology and harsh reality. I long for the naive fifties, when TV was still live and Betty Page was queen of the pin-ups.

"I got to know Betty through my dad. He didn't show me the nude stuff when I was a kid, but what he did show me sparked worship. She was so beautiful with her full black hair and teasing eyes. In her two piece bathing suits she looked like a goddess to my young innocent eyes.

"I was quite shocked when I grew up and searched out other Betty art. I'd already changed my name to hers by then and was determined to model my looks on hers. An old collector introduced me to her Irving Klaw work. There was my Betty in six-inch spiked heels, shiny black seamed stockings with reinforced heels and toes and big, white infinitely complicated corsets pinching her waist down to waspy proportions. And there too were the ropes and spreading sticks and ball gags. Why would Betty do that? But then, feeling the wetness between my thighs, I knew. Betty and I really are the same. We both long to be subdued, and to feel our shame at the realization.

"It's very hard for me, in the feminist age, to admit that I want men to treat me the way Irving treated Betty. It makes me feel desired, on the most primitive level, to have a man restrain me and use by body for his satisfaction. I don't dare admit it to many, as it makes me seem a traitor to all women have struggled for in the last two decades, but I want to be owned. And sexually dominated.

"I'd like you to penetrate me hard. Push my face into the pillow, so no one will hear my cries, and hammer your cock home. Make me raise my ass and spread my cheeks for you. Tease my asshole with the head of your cock and then make me grease it up for you. I long to feel each inch slowly, firmly pushed into my anus, while your hand muffles my mouth. And I want you to cum in there. I want you to mark me with your seed in my most private, vulnerable place.

Most important, after all this, I want you to treat me like a lady, because I am one. I'm no slut, no bitch, no feminist ball buster. Just like the Betty who became my namesake, I'm a sweet old fashioned girl who just happens to have a shameful secret side. You can relate to that, can't you?"

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Elizabeth:

Right up front, let me say, I'm not a goddess. I don't know how to push guys around, and I'm not much of a tease, because I always get so excited I let the man fuck me. In fact, I'm always letting people do things to me. Like, I'll go on a date and I'll say to myself, 'This is the first date and so we're only going to have dinner and maybe a movie, but no sex!' Two hours later I'm on my back at the drive-in with a foot jammed against the windshield and a cock slamming my hole. And I never even got the dinner. Sometimes that makes me feel used afterwards, but I know I have only myself to blame. My nature is to please, so when I can tell a man is horny I'll feel bad if I don't make him cum.

Mild At Heart

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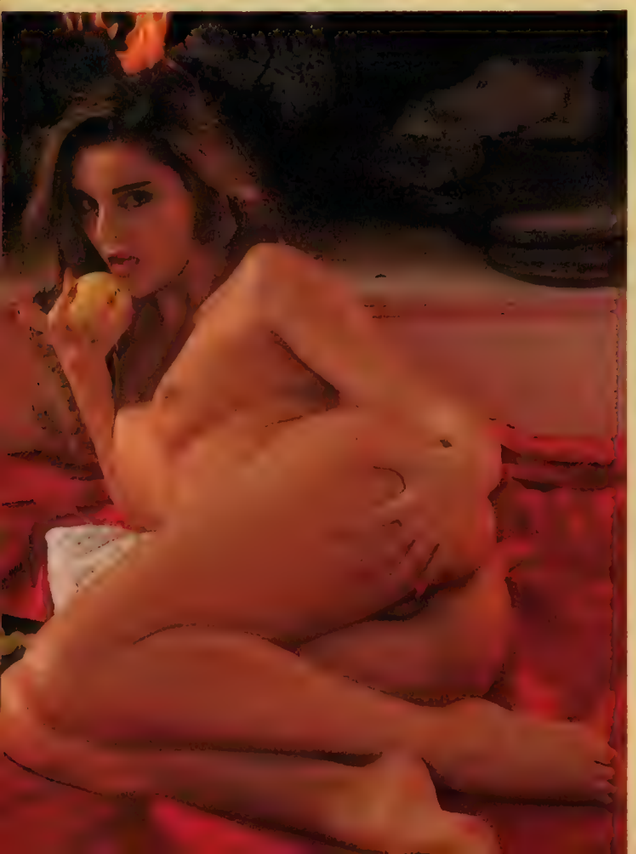
"This is how it is with this foot sex. I never thought about feet until I met a man who thinks about nothing else. Henry is odd in lots of ways and one is that he believes every problem in the body can be treated through the feet. He's obsessed with getting his feet massaged, and I do it for him every night, since I want him to stay healthy. For the first couple of weeks it was very nonsexual, then I happened to look up as I was kneeling there rubbing his soles and saw he was masturbating. I was so startled my mouth just dropped open and he came that instant, squirting all over my face and into my mouth, laughing the whole time. I couldn't complain, seeing how happy it made him.



"After that Henry always jerked off when I massaged his feet. He likes my shiny hair a lot, so he often aims at it when he cums. I think protein is supposed to be a good conditioner, so I don't mind.

"Lately, Henry has been massaging my feet while I do his. He starts with his hands and then he gets his mouth on them. It tickles terribly for him to rake his teeth over my soles, but since I told him, he wants to do that more than anything. When I do it back to him he bites my toes. I can't tell if that means he likes what I'm doing or not. I sort of like the biting, and it makes his cock get really hard. He rubs his cock against my belly when we do this 69 foot thing, and he shoots right away on my stomach when he starts biting my toes.

"I sometimes think Henry is too weird, but I find myself wanting to do more and more for him, to make him happy. I think I'm falling under his spell. But I think that's what a girl like me wants, and I'm going to take this thing as far as Henry wants me to go."

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KRISTEN:

P.O.P.

princess

Pop, what does this word suggest to you? Perhaps you think of balloons. There's a reader who loses it, completely and only, when he hears a woman like me dig her sharp toenails and fingernails into balloons. Or maybe you think of popping your nuts, squeezing out a big load of sperm on my silky black nylon stockings. You could think of that insipid music the masses love so well, or Andy Warhol's art, or even corn, I suppose, but I think of something else altogether.

"P.O.P. stands for Power Of Pussy to me, and it's a power with which I'm very intimately acquainted. No, dont' hope that I'm unaware of my smouldering beauty. I know every inch of my perfection, and exactly how to use it to get what I want. I know breast men who will sign over their paychecks—every paycheck—just to bury their heads in my gravity cleavage. Butt men will crawl over razor blades and cast off condoms from N.Y. street whores to wrap their lips around my winking sphincter, and you leg men, well, you know you're the most ardently worshipful of all.

"Pussy is the base of it all, though. Our instincts haven't changed in 100,000 years, just like our bodies. Our

genetic code knows nothing of overpopulation, or even of garter belts, for that matter. What it knows is cocks must be pushed into holes to keep the race alive, and it's the most powerful urge of all. In the primal ooze you men had to fight each other like all the other animals to get female attention and when you finally staggered, bloody and battered, to your feet, you had to get to that pussy fast or lose it. Your drive hasn't changed, I'm happy to say, and a woman like me who flashes a sexy package like this throws your instincts into overdrive.

"Isn't it lucky for you that I don't want or need all your pay checks? I make plenty in my job and really only need your cocks. Of course, I'll want to drain them thoroughly, knowing it's my P.O.P. privilege, but I'll bet you could live with that. Get 'em out and bow to the power now, boys. That's one big wad for each photo, *and don't keep me waiting!*"

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LEG SHOW

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TOE JAM

You just can't get enough feet, can you? We see your letters. 'Feet, feet, feet', it's all you can think about. 'So why not give them a jam?' we said. You know, a bunch of us all together teasing you en mass with our soft wrinkled soles and tender little toes? 'Yeah, we'll give 'em a *toe* jam,' laughed Belinda, 'they'll all like that!'

'I'll bet you are loving it, aren't you? Do you ever fantasize that a whole group of women come to your home and take you captive? These women, let's say they're us, have broken into your house and are hiding behind the couch when you come in. Just as you lock the door behind you we burst out of hiding and grab you before you can wrestle the door open again. One of us brings her mouth forcefully down over yours, while another plunges her hand down the front of your pants, capturing your cock and balls in a firm fist. With a tongue writhing in your throat and smooth feminine fingers rhythmically squeezing your genitals, you go down easy.

'We lay you out on the floor, still controlling you by pulling on your cock and fingering your asshole. My mouth is tightly clamped over yours and you start to feel little tendrils of panic as my jabbing tongue makes it ever so slightly hard to breathe. You try to push me back. That's when you find out how strong I am. My tongue only surges deeper, stealing the breath from your lungs, as you struggle futilely.

'You feel your clothes being stripped away, and then you're being caressed, but that's not the feel of delicate female hands on your body. It's feet! Some smooth, some calloused, but all of them rudely exploring your helpless body. Feet probe your cock and pinch your balls between their grasping toes. Your cock is achingly hard despite your anger at our intrusion, and now, at last, I lift my tongue out of you.

'Your huge, gasping breath is your last, as three pair of feet descend on your face at once. One pair of feet continues to

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MARY

read my lips

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So many times I've tried to explain to a man what I really wanted from him. It's no problem when it's where we'll go for dinner, but when I try to express my unusual sexual needs communication breaks down. It's a simple thing really, and yet most men's inhibitions get in the way of their understanding. They think I want what I want as foreplay, that a few minutes of this will do, and then I want them to spear me on their cocks and pump their semen into my body. No. To make everything very clear I have chosen to demonstrate, through photos, what I must have, as I understand men are more visually oriented than women. Open those eyes, guys, and learn.

"See my shoes dangling from my perfectly arched feet? I love the first breeze across my hot, tired feet when my pumps slip off. It's a cool caress that enlivens my nerve endings, concentrating my senses on my feet.

"How I love to masturbate with my feet. Hooking the string of my tiny lace panties over the heel of my shoe I make it vibrate against my sensitive asshole. Seeing my shiny red pumps bobbing up and down, dragging that

string, is further titillation.

"Now, see that long red heel piercing my full, pouty lips? I like to suck. I like sucking the smooth, thin heel of my shoe, and I like sucking a smooth, thin cock. I don't like big, thick, gagging cocks, as I have no desire to be bludgeoned. I want a cock that tickles; tickles my lips, my cunt, and my feet.

"Here we're getting to the important part. See my foot? See my mouth? See my toes nipped gently by my shiny white teeth? See my lips poised to suck, my tongue savoring the toe of my damp, perfumed nylons? That's where I want your mouth. I want your lips playing teasingly over my toes, your tongue swirling into each crevice between and I want your cock tickling the back of my throat while you're bringing me to orgasm through my feet. Yes, you can cum in my mouth, but first my toes must be very well sucked. It this too much to understand?

"I thought not."

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MIND OVER MATTER

She Had Toe Control

By Ed Coste

Over the past two years I've had a long and strenuous sexual addiction to my girlfriend, Lynne, which eventually got to a point where I needed to break away from her hold on me, as the intensity of my sexual addiction for her was getting out of hand. I tried getting her out of my system on my own, but it always failed. So as a result, I decided to seek some professional help and went to see a therapist. My doctor told me that the relationship was draining too much of my energy and that I needed to avoid all sexual contact with Lynne at least until I could pull myself together. I felt good about getting some constructive feedback about my concerns. I told Lynne what the doctor recommended and proceeded to tell her of my wishes to cool down our sex life for awhile.

"Lynne," I said, "I need you to stop seducing me all the time! You're always taking advantage of the helpless attraction I have for you and it's really taking its toll on my psyche. My doctor strongly suggests that I try and reduce my sexual encounters with you for awhile, that is, if I expect to stay in control of my behavior."

Lynne agreed. "Oh, you're probably right, but I just can't help it! You're just so damn vulnerable and I get such a kick out of watching you struggle with yourself whenever I start fooling around with you. I don't know why! I just do!"

I reaffirmed, "I know, but I just can't handle it anymore Lynne, and I need your help; so will you please try?" To my delight, Lynne finally agreed and said she would go along with anything I wanted to do. So I methodically listed off a few ground rules for her to follow, if we were to continue our relationship.

For example, I asked her to wear slacks and flat shoes whenever we're together. Another was that we get out of the house and do something rather than just stay in for the evening. For me, this was quite necessary if I wanted to hold on to my sanity. You see, Lynne's legs and feet are almost too pretty for me to look at, as I have very strong fetishes for legs and feet. So as a reslut, when I see Lynne dressed up in her usual short skirt and high open sandals, all I can think about is licking, smelling and coming in them . . . in that order.

Early in our relationship Lynne learned quickly how much her legs and feet affected me and ever since then, has used them every chance she could to control me sexually. It seems whenever we're alone she always wins out by ending the evening by forcing me to come, whether I want to or not. Even if she's not particularly in the mood, she still goes through with it. For instance, after my shower I usually wrap a towel around myself and sit on the couch to watch some TV. It's at this point that Lynne casually grabs for a magazine to read, or a nail file to do her nails, then lies on the couch and props her bare feet right on my lap. I ask her not to, but she just ignores my pleading. It usually goes something like this.

"Lynne, please take your feet away! They're right on my penis and you know how they affect me!"

"Well that's just too damn bad," she argues, "I'm comfortable and I'm not moving! . . . So just shut-up and let me read in peace!"

Immediately I start getting an erection under her feet. Then she starts diddling the head of my penis with her big toes as habitually as one would fool with an earlobe or pick at a hangnail. Lynne remains totally indifferent to my hot dripping hard-on as she thumbs through the pages of her magazine. I push her feet away, but she just starts it up all over again and ridicules, "Oh, stop being so silly! . . . I never met anyone that has such a strange thing for feet as you do! It's just not normal!", after which I get self-conscious about my uncontrollable foot fetish and try to hold back my throbbing penis by getting my mind off of what she's doing to me. But it's a lost cause and eventually she drags long hard squirts from me as I drench her feet with one hot splat of cum after another. Lynne acts indignant and accuses me of being over sexed. When it's all over, she wipes her feet off and warms up to me again, confessing that she was just putting on an act to turn me on. I'm not sure if I believe her or not. At any rate, so ends the night.

On other occasions, when she's in a particulary playful mood, she'll start her "peduction" (seduced by the feet) on me by wiping the top of her bare foot back and forth under my nose while I helplessly lick and lap its veiny surface. At this point the spity smell of Lynne's sexy pointed foot under my nose drives me into a helpless stupor and I can't even talk. When I reach this speechless state, Lynne knows I can't speak and deliberately starts saying things to me that prompt a response like, "Do you want me to stop? Hmmmm?" or "Just tell me to stop and I will! I promise I will!"

On some rare instances, when I find the strength, I respond with "Okay, stop! Please stop !" Then Lynne just teases, "Oh no, you had your chance! Now it's too late!" This is usually when Lynne gets very giddy as she continues sliding her spity instep under my nose. When

all of this craziness ceases, she has me right where she wants me, and slowly finishes me off by sliding the tips of her pointed toes over the head of my dripping penis until my hot load jumps out all over her feet and she goes into a fit of hysterical laughter as she watches the helpless expression on my face. And so ends another night! This is how it's been, night after night, for just about two years now.

But today our attitudes were different and I had high hopes that we were off to a fresh new start. Lynne seemed to be sympathetic and willing to help me control myself, as we came up with some initial steps to avoid this leg and foot craziness I had always fallen victim to. For openers, we decided to go out to a movie, then top off the evening with dinner. Lynne agreed to wear something not so leggy and put on a long skirt that buttoned up the front, which was fine with me. She didn't have any low flats though, so she had to wear her high open sandals, but the skirt covered most of what drove me crazy. I felt secure that she was willing to try things my way for a change.

After all this heavy shit, we both felt like a good laugh, so Lynne suggested we see *"War of the Roses"*. I was a little confused because I thought she had already seen it with her girlfriend.

"You saw that one," I said.

"I know, but I want to see it with you!" she said. "It's definitely your kind of movie."

Well, Lynne wet my appetite, so off we went, but what a mistake! As the movie progressed, bigger than life, right there in front of me, Danny Devito gets a "footjob". Yes, that's right! Foot sex not once but twice during the movie. I just couldn't believe it! Neither of us said a word, but as I looked at Lynne from the corner of my eye she had a sly smirk on her face. I got so wrapped up with what I had seen I missed most of the movie. When it was over, I just avoided the subject as we proceeded on our way to dinner, but I couldn't get it out of my mind and I had a hard-on that wouldn't quit.

It was a rather plush restaurant and we were seated at a dimly lit and somewhat private booth. About halfway through dinner, Lynne got up to go to the ladies room and on her way back to our table I noticed that she had unbuttoned several of the buttons on the front of her skirt and I quietly gasped as she deliberatly teased me with her leggy slit. When she sat back down I said, "Lynne, I see what you're trying to do, and you obviously don't give a shit about my feelings at all! Well it won't do you any good, because I'm calling an end to the evening."

Lynne replied, "Oh, what's the big deal anyway? Where's your sense of humor?"

"What's supposed to be funny?" I snapped.

"Your reactions!" Lynne tittered, "But okay, after we leave we'll just call it a night! All right?" Lynne had a mischievous look on her face and it didn't take long to find out why. She had slipped off her sandals and was tickling my leg with her bare toes underneath the table, which would mean nothing more than a playful sign of affection for most guys, but for me it was quite another thing. Suddenly, I felt Lynne abruptly cease her toe tickling and I became relieved as I regained my composure. However, she began staring at me with an unusually strong seductive expression on her face, as she raised one eyebrow, sucked in her cheeks and puckered her full smirking lips at me.

"Now what!" I thought to myself. At this point Lynne did something I didn't expect from her at all . . . at least not there! She placed both of her bare feet up on the seat between my legs, and I felt the toenails of her big toes scratching the head of my penis through my thin dress slacks.

"Remember this part in the movie?" Lynne asked with a contemptuous smirk.

It now occurred to me that telling Lynne of my visit to the therapist was the worst thing I could have done. She took it as a serious threat to her control over me, and her need to win over my quest for self-control became an obsessive challenge. She was indeed competing with my therapist for my psyche. You see, Lynne had no intention to help me whatsoever and in fact did totally premeditate this obvious attempt to murder all of my hopes of ever resisting her again.

At first I was scared that someone might see what she was doing to me, but then I realized the tables were closed on both sides and her feet and legs were hidden. "Lynne, what the hell are you doing? You agreed we could call it a night!"

Lynne raised her eyebrows and said, "Oh no, I said we'd call it a night when we leave and we haven't left yet have we. . . hmmm?"

I pleaded, "Lynne, can't you help me at all?"

She casually replied, "Sorry, maybe tomorrow."

"Why?" I asked.

Lynne responded, "Cause I just feel like draining your life out, thats all!"

I begged urgently, "Lynne please! Just this once let's just have some time together without any foot sex. I'm under doctor's orders not to! . . . Please?"

She whispered, "Shhhh, just sit quiet! I'm doing this for your own good!"

I wanted to just get up and leave, but it was impossible as Lynne's toes had provoked my penis to a blatant hard-on that would have drawn too much attention.

Lynne kept scratching my penis over and over with her wiggling big toes and staring at me with a defiant smirk on her face. I tried as hard as I could to stay quiet and even tried to think of other things, but eventually my eyes began to water and I knew she had prevailed once again. Lynne shook her head slightly in wonderment then whispered, "See, this is what I mean! Whenever I see that expression on your face, I need to finish you off! Sorry, but I just can't help it! Maybe it's a sickness with me. . . Should I get some help too?" The she put her hand to her mouth and muffled an uncontrolled girlish giggle.

I, too, put my hand to my mouth, but to quiet my orgasmic grunts, and as I bit down on the side of my finger, I whispered an uncontrolled and very muffled, "Oh shhhhhhhit!"

With this Lynne said, "Oh okay, you win! I'll only do it a little bit." Then she lightened the touch of her diddling toes so only the very tips of her sharp toenails were just barely skimming the head of my twitching penis. "There, is this better?" Lynne teased. But instead of calming down my surging throbs, it made them even worse as I fell into my usual speechless pre-climax stupor. Lynne

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EVELYN: *The Real Thing*

I'll bet there are a certain number of you readers who don't believe anything you read in LEG SHOW. You no doubt pride yourselves on your cynicism, thinking that these photos are picked by some cynical man like yourself and the copy is written by another sneering jade, just to suck the bucks out of your wallet. Dian has shown me the letters from you, the ones that start, 'Dear Dian (as if you really exist)'.

"What a pathetic fool you are. You're choosing, through your negativity, to cheat yourself of one of the few (if not the only) real sex magazine experiences to be had. No Dian Hanson? Then why do you think this magazine is different from all the others? Why does this one *know* your deepest secrets, the ones you wouldn't even share with your therapist? LEG SHOW knows because it's made by a woman, just like the one that you have perhaps confided to, in your most vulnerable post-sexual moments. Only a woman can know the darkest recesses of the male sexual psyche. And believe me, Dian, and I, know more than you'd ever want to imagine.

"You must realize that I've seen my own photos. I know how teasingly exciting I look. Seeing myself photographed like this I realize that scores of you would lay down your boring little lives, spread them out at my feet, just for the honor of kissing those feet. You might even hope that I'd trample your secure, conventional life into the dust, enslaving you and making you abandon your wife, your children, your good job and your fine reputation. You'd like to get lost in your sexual fantasies, to live at my feet, your cock always hard, my feet always soft and bathed in your worshipful saliva. If I ruled your life you could let all your anxieties, all that wretched responsibility slip away. You'd be carefree as a babe, wouldn't you? Cradled in your submission, suckling at the toe-teats of the all-enveloping Mother-Goddess, you would at last know serenity.

"I will not do this for you, of course. I'll keep my smug, lofty distance, but that doesn't mean you can't escape with me. Believe in me, in the reality that is LEG SHOW, and I'll always be here for you, waiting for you to gaze into my demanding eyes, take your cock out, and make the world go away."

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PIN-UP

Mr. Barrancos writes that he loves heavy-set, muscular women. I found his drawing of these incredibly voluptuous legs intriguing, so he becomes our Pin-up artist for the month.

LEGTORUM

(continued from page 7)

Gwen explained, was to shower and walk around nude with the air conditioning on. Anyway, she asked me to join them in watching a couple of videos. I still had no idea what she wanted me to do, but looking on them as sisters, I had no hesitation in stripping off my uniform and joining them on the rug.

The first movie was *Shocker* and whenever a scary scene came on the girls would tickle my feet with their toes, making me laugh, and I would beg them to stop. After a while, they both said their feet were getting cold and started to rub them against mine. As the movie progressed I finally asked Gwen what she wanted me to do, and she said all she wanted was for me to play footsie with her and Doris. Never having played footsie with other girls before, I thought I'd heard her wrong, but Doris then asked me to massage her feet and I knew I had heard her correctly. Within minutes the three of us were rubbing each other's feet, sometimes locking toes. So there I was, with Gwen to my right and Doris to my left, our feet entwined as we continued to finish the movie.

After a while, Doris closed her eyes and placed her left hand between her legs, fingering herself while clutching on to Gwen and I with her feet. Doris suddenly reached a climax, locking her hips as if trying to focus on this wonderful love that was coming from below her ankles. As she came, Gwen and I squeezed her feet between ours and Doris came on her hands, her pussy juice squirting from her dripping cunt. She was so happy and relaxed she started to fall asleep with her hand on her clit. Seeing this, Gwen squeezed her feet into mine and Doris', placing a finger between her ass cheeks. She then started to undulate as she rubbed her asshole and after a while she also had an orgasm. Gwen continued to rub her feet against mine and Doris', who then started to wake up from her nap, saying "I love toe jam."

With both of them caressing my feet, I began to feel incredible sensations I'd never felt before and started to squeeze my nipples, trying to relieve this wonderful feeling. We continued to rub feet and my need for foot sex increased. I slowly placed my hand between my legs and rubbed my throbbing clit. I was hot and filled with a deep, burning desire, and could feel a great climax building in my cunt. I came suddenly, clutching their feet as I exploded, awash in the wonderful feeling in my toes and pussy, new erotic sensations running from my feet to hips.

After my climax subsided, I stood up, placing my feet on Doris' right foot and Gwen's left. The sensations continued and I knew if I didn't sit down I was going to fall over. Sitting on the couch, they started to rub my feet and I could see this was turning them both on as their pussies were leaking cum like little fountains.

Gwen said I had worked off the $80.00 but that they still wanted to play. This went on for hours and was wonderful.

Since that wonderful Friday, I've moved in with them and we share a wonderful love. Playing footsie every day is so comforting that I know we have something very special.

Name withheld
Texas

OLD SHOE PLEASURES

Dear Leg Show:

I want to tell you about my peculiar fetish. It's a harmless fetish that I kept hidden until I became a regular and faithful reader of your magazine three years ago. I am a newlywed and thanks to you my wife now shares my passion.

Firstly, you have a fantastic magazine. You do a great job. You guys are up front and tell it like it is.

Now, to tell you my story. I have two jobs. I don't need a second job, but do it because I enjoy it. I work on the back of a garbage truck one day a week. I love it because I come across shoes women throw away and I save them with purpose in mind. First, the shoes I find are great, old, smelly, extremely worn spiked heels, sandals and pumps, sometimes ripped and torn with wobbly heels. It's the end of the line for them unless I save them. I also find shoes like these in second hand clothing stores. I got turned on to this fantasy when in college. This girl broke a strap on a dirty old pair of high heel white sandals while getting off the bus. It was great, she was beautiful and I couldn't keep my eyes off of her shapely legs crammed in tight jeans and beautiful shoes and feet. I followed her off the bus and then it happened, she dropped a book and when she got down on one knee to pick it up one of the very thin, well worn ankle straps ripped and broke right off from the shoe. I was close enough to hear her say to her girlfriend, "Dammit, I guess it's the end of the line for these. I'm going up to my gym locker to get my sneakers. See you later." That's all it took: I was hard. I followed her through the hallways, watching her walk with the broken shoe now like a slide with the broken strap dangling. I knew it was the final step for those sexy shoes when she entered the girls' locker room. I didn't want to get caught so I pretended to wait on the pay phone while waiting for her to come out, hoping to see the fate of the broken sandals. My prayers were answered and she came out with sneakers on, holding the old shoes. She then started looking for a place to sinfully dispose of those beautiful heels. Then she found a trash can and tossed them. Here were these beautiful discarded shoes and I had to have them. I skipped my first class waiting for the halls to clear and took them, locking them away in my locker. I couldn't wait until I got home. When I did I went straight to my room and locked the door.

They were great. The lifts were worn off, the four inch heels badly hacked up, the rest of the straps barely hanging on, heavily soiled toe imprints and that great smell of sweat, leather and dirt. They didn't deserve to just rot away in the dump still mostly intact.

I pulled on one of the straps of the good shoe until it broke free, picturing in my mind the girl

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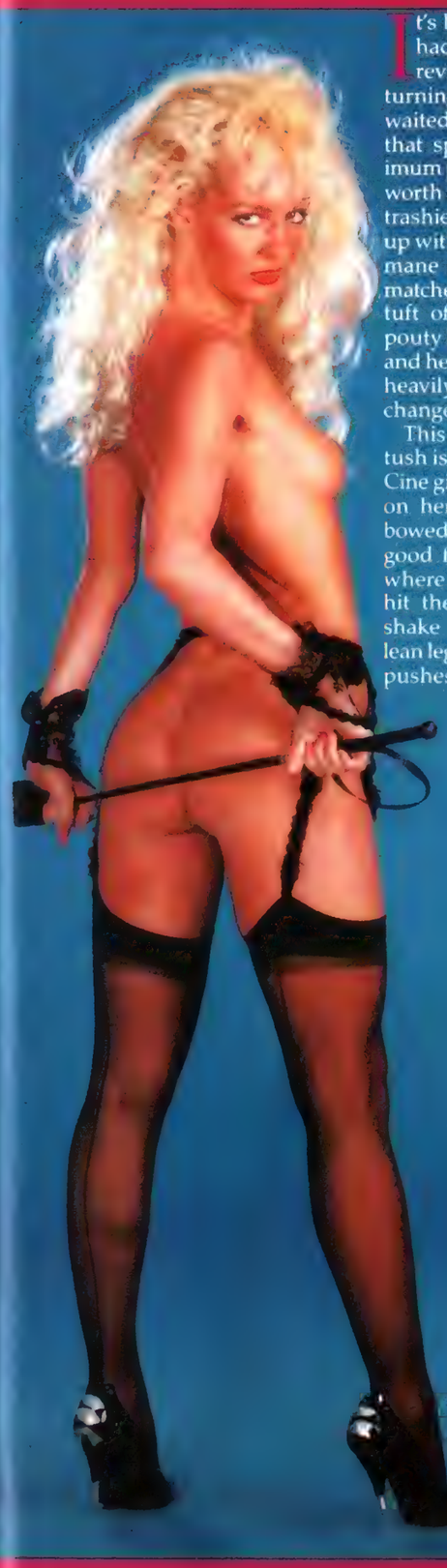
LEG SHOW VIDEO REVIEW

CINE RESEARCH PRESENTS

"LOVE BUNS"



It's been a long time since we had a Cine Research video review. They've continued turning out tapes, but we've waited for that special tape, with that special girl, for your maximum pleasure. LOVE BUNS was worth waiting for. This girl is a bit trashier than what Cine's come up with in the past. Her long, full mane is an obvious bleach job, matched by her bleached, shaved tuft of pubic bush. Her thick, pouty lips have too much lipstick and her sultry eyes are shadowed heavily, and we think it's a nice change!

This girl with the perfect tight tush is surely as fit and limber as Cine girls past. She can writhe up on her back until her spine is bowed in a perfect arch, giving a good foot of air space between where shoulder blades and butt hit the mat. Oh, and she can shake that butt! With her long, lean legs sprawled behind her she pushes that tight round thing up in the air and makes it dance right in your face, the delicate pink slit oozing its pearly excitement and her rosy pucker flexing like it wants to swallow you up. From stage right a hand appears with a bottle of lotion. A thick stream of the white stuff dribbles down her crack, hitting the bullseye of her redeye. Her hole pulses and relaxes, letting the hand rub the cream into her asshole like there's been a lot of cream rubbed in there before. The hand trembles and the little slut sighs.

Now things get interesting. Lili Marlene, a grade A butt slut from the hardest of hardcore films past, enters the scene. She gets right down on this perfect little butt and shows she's a lesbo licker of the first order. LOVE BUNS returns the favor and I, for one, was hoping a strap-on dildo was in the wings.

Okay, so it wasn't, things were still pretty hot. LOVE BUNS does a lot of up-the-skirt teasing on the staircase and strips out of another costume with lots of facial teasing. Very nasty, very satisfying. Very Cine Research.

Order LOVE BUNS from Cine Research, P.O. Box 165, Leetsdale, Pa. 15056. It's 58 minutes long and costs $60.00 for VHS, or BETA.

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LADY FAY CUMS OF AGE

(continued from page 27)

Lady Fay's bare shoulder, down across the tight elastic back of her waspie, pausing briefly at the waistband of her panties. Moving lower over the smooth, delicate nylon, I caressed the firm roundness of her ass. My fingers played at the lacy edge of her panties, softly tickling her warm bare upper thigh. I felt her body quiver as her mouth engulfed the full length of my cock.

"Be careful with your hand," the Countess warned me.

"Perhaps the Countess would care to kneel a bit closer so that I could demonstrate my exact touches on her, simultaneously?" She looked at me suspiciously and reluctantly moved closer. With my hands now stroking both women's thighs and asses, I began to sense their mutual admiration for my stone-hard boner. They were both getting into this ménage a trois as much as I.

"I'm sure that Mr. Butterfly's condom is sufficiently lubricated, my dear," the Countess interrupted, brushing my hand from her ass as she rose to her feet. Lady Fay looked up, her full pink lips and chin wet with saliva.

"Although I had not planned this particular phase of instruction," the Countess said, "I will take this opportunity to demonstrate to Lady Fay the technique of entry in the process of copulation." The Countess placed a throw pillow behind my back and directed me to slide forward in my chair until my ass was barely on the cushion. Lady Fay clutched the base of my hardened shaft with both hands as she looked on in astonishment.

"Watch closely, my dear," said the Countess with a faint quiver in her voice. She knelt forward onto the cushions of my chair, cautiously lowering her pelvis toward my upright cock until her curly hush reached the swollen head. With slow rocking motions, she lowered herself onto my yearning shaft. Lady Fay bent forward to closely observe the maneuver.

"Can you see, my dear?" asked the Countess, her breathing noticeably heavier now.

"Yes. . . yes, Auntie Monique, but please be careful! It's awfully big!" With the fingers of one hand tracing the seam of the Countess' silky stocking, my other moved up under Lady Fay's panties to gently stroke the lips of her moist pussy.

"Damn you, Butterfly . . . you had better not. . . be violating . . ." The Countess didn't finish as I thrust my hips up to meet her. With satin gloved hand, she guided the full length of my cock into her inflamed cunt. Both women let out moans of delight as I simultaneously slid my middle finger into Lady Fay's tight little pussy.

The Countess' rocking motion built to a frenzy as she met my every upward thrust. Her eyes became half closed, her breathing and moaning grew to convulsive proportions, finally erupting in her violent orgasm. I followed, only half a dozen thrusts behind her.

When I opened my eyes, Lady Fay was helping the Countess to her feet. She staggered against Lady Fay, trying to regain her composure.

"I'm all right, my dear," the Countess said breathlessly. "Fetch the condom from Mr. Butterfly's penis and give it to me." Lady Fay eagerly complied and the Countess excused herself in order to briefly 'freshen-up' and change her nylon stocking which had developed a run in one knee during her frenzy of excitement.

No sooner had the Countess closed the study door behind her, Lady Fay was making a beeline to the desk where our clothes had been laid.

"I found one, Mr. Butterfield! Look!" she exclaimed, turning around and holding out her hand. It was another condom! Oh shit, I thought. This could spell disaster for my financial proposal to the Countess.

She walked briskly toward me with tiny steps in her stiletto-thin, sky-high heels. Her hips swayed beneath her spindle-like waistline and her modest bare tits bounced invitingly. Perhaps I was not as emphatic as I should have been with my futile protests.

"Oh my goodness, Mr. Butterfield!" she declared. "We'd better wipe off that gooey penis of yours. Here, I'll use my panties!" sliding the wispy material down over her hips and silkened limbs. She guided me off the chair to sit on the throw pillow which she placed on the carpet. As she bent over to wipe off my cock, her soft bare ass pushed squarely into my face. I felt her body shiver as my tongue instinctively probed the depths between her cheeks.

"Oooh, that feels so good, Mr. Butterfield . . . Let's see if we can get your beautiful penis all hard again." The sensation of her silky panties on my cock set my balls on fire.

I could feel the condom slipping over the head of my aching prick and rolling down into position. She softly stroked my stiffened shaft as my protests again went unacknowledged.

"Now I'm just going to lubricate it, Mr. Butterfield," she said with a faint shudder. Her full lips and tongue engulfed my shaft as she licked and sucked loudly. My cock felt as though it was going to split the condom apart.

After several minutes of ecstasy, Lady Fay straightened up and lowered her pelvis to barely touch the throbbing head of my cock as my hands caressed her soft little tits.

"Don't fret, Mr. Butterfield. I only want to rub the tip of your big penis against my little vulva for a few seconds . . . just to see how it feels, I promise." Clutching my shaft, she began to mimic the Countess' earlier rocking motion. "It's surely too big for me . . . just a few . . . just a few more seconds." I felt her wet little pussy push down harder with each rocking motion. Oh shit, I thought. I could feel that I was almost penetrating her tiny opening. The Countess would surely have my balls! But it was too late.

Like a cat on a canary, Lady Fay's tight, hot cunt pushed down deeper onto my shaft.

"Oh my God!" she yelled. "It's going to fit all the way in me, Mr. Butt . . ." She thrashed and tossed about wildly on my strangulated pole.

I recall hearing the rapid clicking of the Countess' high heels coming up the hallway. The door flung open but it was too late. The Countess shrieked so loudly that I'm sure she was heard all the way to my office!

"You rotten dirty fucker, Butterfly! You've betrayed me and I'll have your ass for this!" The Countess sprung across the room and was on top of us, grabbing at Lady Fay's now violently writhing and squirming body. She pushed and pulled vigorously, trying in vain to separate us.

"Oh God, I think I'm cumming, Mr. Butterfield!" Lady Fay screamed. "Push harder! Oh please, push harder!"

The Countess' wild thrashing only intensified the contact as Lady Fay erupted in a convulsive multiple orgasm which seemed to last for several minutes. I followed immediately.

Screaming, the Countess ordered me to leave at once. I had never before heard such language from a woman, say nothing of a countess! I quickly pulled on my pants and grabbed up the rest of my clothes. I assure you that I did not wait to be led to the front door!

I don't recall much of the drive back to New York that night. You can imagine my anxiety at the bank over the next days! I fully expected to be fired at any moment. My boss was already displeased with me for having returned empty handed. A bad 'report card' from the Countess and I knew that I'd receive my pink slip.

A week passed—two weeks—and then came the after shock. My boss called me into the office when I returned from lunch.

"The Chairman heard from the Countess this morning, Butterfield." A cold, deafening silence filled the room. "She told him that she admired your stamina and perseverance and wants you to return immediately to work out the final details of your proposal. She also suggests that you bring a tuxedo. Do you think you can handle it?"

"I'll give it my best shot," I replied.

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LEG FORUM

(continued from page 77)

breaking them that morning. It was great, I was enjoying the destruction of these beautiful shoes so I continued by tearing out the inner soles, tearing the straps off, then I took a screwdriver and pried the heels right off. It was great, I had pieces of shoe all over the bed. I enjoyed it so much I came in my pants right then. It was then that I thought those shoes were ready for the garbage.

So now I keep my eyes peeled for discarded shoes which reach the end of the line *only* after they are satisfactorialy dismantled by me and my wife.

I told her long before we were married about my way of proper shoe disposal. She loves it. Pumps are now more popular than high heeled sandals and a lot of girls are throwing out old, well worn shoes and second hand stores are loaded with them. When me and my wife get ahold of them we have some fun. Well worn spiked heel sandals with the straps barely hanging on are my favorite style, and the fun starts when my wife wears them for some final steps. She is purposely hard on them, wearing them when she works in the garden shovelling dirt. She will tease me in the house by twisting her ankles, tightening the straps to their limit and straining the heels to their breaking point. Soon enough they break. She will wear them in the tub which weakens shoes tremendously.

For my birthday last year, she made a turkey stew while wearing a well worn pair of red sweaty snake skin sandals. She drove me crazy when she looked at me and said "This stew could use a little bit more seasoning. I have just the thing." She then reached down and unstrapped a sandal and put it in the stew, stirring it until it disappeared. When the stew was done she took the glop-covered shoe, let it cool off, then put it back on her foot. Then I licked it clean. Then when she stood up and put some weight on her foot the cooked shoe ripped in several places. Even the buckle broke off the strap. For dessert, I got my cake and ice cream served in a four-inch black pump.

We sent you some pictures last month of my wife crushing a chocolate cake with maroon sandals. Those shoes were reaching the end of the line. They have been in the shoe repair store twice for work on the soles but we decided not to invest any more money in them and walk them into the ground. My wife told me when it comes time to dismantle them for disposal she wants pictures taken so we can send them to you. What do you think, some nice shots of their final steps?

Jake and Sally

UNDER THE BOSS

Dear Dian:

My boss is a small blonde about 5'2", tall, 95 lbs., and very well built. I've always complimented her on what pretty hands she has. She gets a manicure at least once a week. Her hair, makeup, clothing, etc. are always perfect so I guess she gets a pedicure as well, but I never knew for sure until this summer. She usually wears closed flats and looking at those feet has been dreamy. (I've been working for her for six years).

This year she started wearing sandals to work and then I saw the prettiest feet I've ever seen. She would talk to me and all I could do was stare at her feet.

I brought my Camcorder to work today in the hope I would get her pretty feet on tape.

I went up to her office with the video camera on record. I sat down in the chair opposite her desk and set the camera down pointed at her feet under the desk. While talking to her she kept glancing down at the Camcorder and noticed the red light was on and realized I was taping her feet.

She looked me in the eye, smiled and said, "I knew men loved to look at my feet, but I didn't know how much." She then said, "Greg, lie down on the floor. I want to live out my fantasy."

So I did.

Sue stood up and walked over saying she had always wanted to walk on a man. I said, "please. . ."

Sue placed her left sandal-clad foot on my chest. As I felt her weight on my body my dick grew rock hard. When she was standing firmly on me I told her I'd been waiting all my life for someone to do this to me. I felt all her weight shift to the left foot and her right sandal came up over my face. The sandal came down on the left side of my nose. I heard her giggle as I felt all her weight come down on the left side of my head. She reached towards the wall to catch her balance, then she placed her left foot on the right side of my nose. I felt her even her weight as she stood straight up on my head. Even with all her weight bearing down on my head I still opened my mouth enough to tongue the heel of her left shoe. I could taste the dirt and I sucked it into my mouth from the bottom of her shoe. She felt my tongue on her shoe and asked if I liked the taste. I truly loved the taste.

She leaned against the wall and picked up her left foot to take off her shoe. I felt her bare foot come down on my face and started sneaking my tongue out to taste her arch. She laughed and said she loved to see her head employee under her feet.

The owner then started up the stairs to her office and Sue stepped off. She looked at me and said, "we'll pick up where we left off later." My pants were soaked at this time. I stood up and left.

I can't wait for the next time.

Greg
San Francisco, CA

mind over matter

(continued from page 68)

confessed later that she did this on purpose to drag out my climax as long as she could. At this point my entire body writhed with helpless tingles from head to toe. She knew every nerve in my body so well and was so goddamn sadistic!

The combination of Lynne's slow controlling toes, along with the pressure of trying to appear as normal as possible in this sexually forbidden atmosphere made my throbbing penis and her steady scratching toenails seize every taut nerve in my body. The highest point of this extremely strong pre-climax lingered longer than I had ever experienced before and its shivering intensity was wearing me down fast. All I could do was just stare at Lynne's defiant puckered smirk through my tear filled eyes as I felt my life being pulled through the end of my enraged penis. My whole body became as rigid as a statue while burning torrents of oozing semen secretly erupted then drooled from my dancing penis in slow throbbing pulses. I felt Lynne's witchlike behavior taking possession of my very soul as she softly sang over and over as if casting a spell on me, "Mmmmmm. . . s o r r y."

I came very slow and quiet, but extremely intense. My hot semen just kep pumping out again and again, soaking the front of my pants. It was fortunate that I had a long coat with me. I was so weak and just plain out of it that Lynne had to drive home. Needless to say, Lynne was amused at the intensity of my climax and she felt a real sense of conquest by this foot filled evening. Lynne wouldn't stop bragging about her victory over me all the way home and once again assured me that it was for my own good.

All of my high hopes to be cured of my leg and foot obsessions had now vanished under a restaurant table, and I have finally resigned myself to the reality that there is no escape from any of this, as Lynne has at last succeeded in forcing me into a life of slavery to her sexually dominating legs and feet. So much for therapy! Oh well, I tried!

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